

The hunt for Domination

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Summary: Every good person's worst nightmare. The Empire has surfaced in the Milky Way Galaxy, and has joined forces with the UN! With an alliance like this, imagine how it will be for the covenant, and the New Republic...HaloStar Wars crossover R&R

1. Chapter 1

Looking out from his post, the Master Chief looks out to a bloody mess. Covenant lines a kilometer thick had been charging, and were taking heavy fire from the UN forces on Earth. When out of nowhere, for no reason, an entire battalion of white armored troops just came out of nowhere, right between the two forces. Having seen the humans on one side, they immediately fired on the covenant lines, and streaks of light came from the sky onto the massed group. In thirty minuets the entire force was destroyed, and someone known as Palleon wanted to see the commander of troops. Later that day, they had forged an alliance, and the "Galactic Empire" brought us badly needed troops to fight our oncoming battles.

In space, a Star Destroyer looms, almost like an arrowhead, pointed at a dead covenant carrier. Its captain marvels at the weapons that had been fired at him, but the turbolasers worked well on this adversary, and the ion cannons had done more than ample amounts of destruction. His TIE fighter defenses were cut down, but he had plenty left for later. But after having done what he just did, he wondered how this new "helper" had taken them halfway across the galaxy in the blink of an eye. He himself wondered who this man was. But they had accomplished what they came for, and now it was time for the Rebel's undoing.

In a meeting room on Earth, the Imperial Navy pledged its forces and equipment to help destroy the covenant. While UN forces pledged to help them if they had any need. One hand helped the other, and everyone thought the end of the war was in sight. They set about a rescue mission to the units on Delta Halo, and started a search for the remaining five. The empire said that they had a weapon that could

destroy a ring without ever having to land on it, and wanted to build as many as possible. The amounts of resources were huge, but they had confidence it could, and had, been done. Over the next several hours, many things were debated on, and at the end, three things were clear. First, the construction of two "Death Star's" were to begin immediately. Second, More Spartans were to be created. And last, all covenant would be wiped from the galaxy.

Master Chief looked out on the assembled crowd. He felt strange out of his armor, but was reassured it was in ready condition not that far away. The crowd was all under the age of 10, and was here to begin the fourth creation of Spartans. Standing next to him was another woman, about average height, with bronze highlighted red hair, and glasses that gave her the obvious "scientist" look. She was speaking to them, much the same as he had been spoken too all those years ago. They were on a new world, far from any inhabited planet. The surface was a barren landscape, so everything was underground. But the training would be the same, and soon these young girls and boys would do as he did, and help win the war. He gave a speech to them, and headed out, grabbed his armor, and soon was on his way to a rendezvous shuttle from the "Star Destroyer" he was now detailed to.

He sat in a chair in a dark room, hunched over a display panel. Data was scrolling over it, and it was all better than he had expected. He laughed a menacing laugh, and laid back in his chair. Their fleet was far from their galaxy, and this new one had just what he was looking for. The entire galaxy knew nothing of the force, and he could corrupt them all to the dark side. And the best part, Luke Skywalker was nowhere around to stop him. He repeated his laugh, but this time, it was several minutes before he stopped.

2. Chapter 2

Some notes from the reviews I got. First, Palleon is an admiral in the Imperial navy who, towards the end of the Empire, Is the ruler of imperial forces. Next, Yes I can make the battle scenes longer, and there's one here that will probably blow you away. And last, I am the first person to bring the enemy to the hero's, and I've got a lot of things I want to do with this, so who knows when this alliance will break.

UNSC CARRIER PALPATINE

1500 HRS-STANDARD TIME

Aboard the newly christened UNSC Carrier _Palpatine_ (why that name?), The Master Chief gives a briefing to his platoon of Marines, and another platoon of Stormtroopers. They will be taking the _Palpatine_ and _Keyes Fist_, also a new Carrier, and two Star Destroyers named _Constrictor_ and _Chimara_. They were to go to a frontline world currently held by the Covenant. The assault would start with a bombardment from the Star Destroyers, and then the ground troops would land. Launching into a new method of interstellar travel hyperspace, allowed for more accurate in system arrivals, and would allow them to come out right on top of the planet.

They are told ten minutes until they enter real space, so they go to their launch pods. The Stormtroopers are a bit uneasy about this way

of getting down, but it was the fastest way, and the best for losing less people. All his marines are outfitted with SMG's and Battle Rifles, with four frag grenades each. On command, they drop into the atmosphere and wait until they land. When his pod door opens, Master Chief immediately stares a Jackal in the eye, fires, and rolls away from the pod. He turns around to see that his three rounds killed the Jackal, and heads to the thick of the battle. So far, two Brutes dead from being under one of the landing pods and five Jackals from three marines who had exited. More pods land, and a pod lands on the only gun emplacement, quite comically, and it is crushed to nothing. Master Chief walks behind his pod and assures that there are no troops behind them for a rear attack.

By now, everyone is on surface and firing, the Stormtroopers rifles working surprisingly well against the shields held by the Jackals. Master Chief goes headlong into a group of three Brutes, throws a grenade, and pins them down with SMG fire. The grenade explodes, sending chunks of Brute everywhere. Just as his shower is done, he hears an explosion ten times bigger than his grenade. He turns to see one of the Stormtroopers "Thermal Detonators" explode, and a group of ten Jackals goes flying in all directions. A few more Jackals pop out from behind a wall, and open fire. Two Stormtroopers and a Marine fall with very distinct cavities in their chests. Ten people have a shot and the three hit the ground seconds later. The area is clear, so they move toward a building that is supposed to hold the leaders of this post.

They blow the door with a shaped charge, and storm into a building with ten Brutes, twenty Jackals, and two Elites being held prisoner. The Stormtroopers unleash a full barrage and kill everyone in the room, including the two Elites, before Master Chief can even say a word. Evidently, someone forgot to tell them that the Elites and Grunts were exiled and were helping us now. But the alliance was still new, and none of the new forces had seen neither an Elite nor a Grunt. He checks the room for any signs of intelligence that would help the other assault groups around the planet, but comes up empty. So he goes to the Communications station and calls that the mission was a success.

STAR DESTROYER CHIMARA

1700 HRS-STANDARD TIME

Admiral Palleon looks out on his battle group. This mission yielded a valuable planet, and could be the site of the first Death Star to be built. As he reads a tactical display, he noticed that his crew was working at near twice their normal efficiency. He sighs, and with a groan, gets up and heads to the turbolift at the rear of the bridge. This was not the first time he had a renegade Jedi on his ship, and he did not like having his crew messed with.

He enters the finely decorated officers quarters that belong to him, and picks up his personal ysalamari, and heads to the portside turbolift. From there he goes down twelve levels to where their "guest" is staying. He enters his personal code clearance into the lock on the door. He hears a click, and some whirring, and the door opens. Seated in a chair similar to that of a throne, an older man is meditating. As Palleon enters, he looks up with one eye, and immediately stands up. "Admiral Palleon, the reports are excellent, we have barely sustained losses. And I see that the forces above the

planet were also dealt with very well. My hat goes off to your men, and their cunning skills." "Can it, Jedi. I know you were controlling my crew. These men are imperial troops, NOT your playthings. I would rather not want to grab more yslamari to ensure they are themselves when I need them most. Your help was a great usefulness, but until we can start a search for your 'candidates' you will have to hold your powers." Without waiting for a reply, Palleon storms from the room and heads back to his roomâ€¦

3. Chapter 3

****Some things before I begin. First, I'm about to bring in the New Republic, so that's some news for the good guy people. Second, there's going to be a time skip soon, but I'm not sure when I want to do that, so ideas are welcome. Third, MEAP retests have taken up my time alot, so thats what's taken so long. Last, please R&R. I want to know whatever you guys are thinking.****

Earth

1500 hrs.-Standard Time

Three entire cities had been decimated. Repairs were underway, and the Imperial navy had sent several thousand men to help the repairs. It was strange, they had only seen human men with them, but there were no women in sight. It was downplayed for now, but some of the women on the construction crew were ridiculed by the soldiers of the Empire.

At Geneva, a ceasefire had been signed with the outcast Elites, Grunts, and Hunters. It called for them to end hostilities and to retreat to their own corner of the galaxy. Twelve delegates from the newly formed "Reclaimed Hunters" signed with six UN officials, and six Imperial Admirals.

UNSC Palpatine Class Carrier-Thrawn, orbiting planet Reach

1630 hrs. â€"Standard Time

Captain Miranda Keyes looked out the window, sighed, and headed to the crew area. Her new command was large, way larger than her old ship. But that was not her largest problem. Sure, getting used to a ship that was as big as a small city would take getting used to, but she had a bigger problem. The glassed planet below was now being refortified, even though many were against it. But Admiral Palleon insisted that this was the perfect spot for building the other of his "Death Star's" and here they were, putting new MAC cannons and Turbolasers (for such a small cannon, they sure as hell packed a massive punch) around the planet.

She passed a group of Stormtroopers (why were they ALWAYS in their annoying white armor) and they all threw a salute her way. At least they knew who was higher then themselves. She then passes the shipboard armory, where a few marines were trying out the "Blasters" that the Stormtroopers always used. She herself had tried them, but they lacked the ability to be unseen, unlike bullets. She arrives to get a hail of people yelling "ROOM ATTENTION!" She called them at ease and began looking over the work orders.

Coruscant

0900 hrs. -Galactic Standard

"This is most odd." Admiral Ackbar leans back in his chair. Though no longer a member of the Provisional Council, his military genius is what called him to this meeting. "Then where do you think they will hit?" This time Admiral Drayson, Ackbar's successor, spoke up. "I do not believe them to be anywhere. The Imperial Navy has never been known for this kind of tactic. They must have gone somewhere, but this is not following their doctrine for attack." Next is Leia Organa Solo. "Is it possible that they aren't looking for a takeover, but are looking for a new place to hide?" "Not likely." Senator Garm Bel Iblis stands up. "They have kept Bastion very well secret and for the entire fleet to wind up missing is just inviting us to take their territory. They would never do that under normal circumstances, unless they had a plan to get more territory." The council goes on for another hour, and decides to send three scout runs into known Imperial space, and see if they can find out just what is going on.

Planet 6XCL479, UNCHARTED SYSTEM

0000 hrs. -Standard Time

A platoon of marines walks up to a hilltop on a desolate planet. No one had ever been this far into the core of the Milky Way. The fact that the planet had a character code to identify it was proof to that. But here they were, and there was supposedly another Artifact here that would show them the most elusive of all things, the final of the seven Halo's. So far the other five undestroyed Halo's had been found, untouched since their activation all those millennia ago. But the seventh had not been found, the data corrupted on the other Halo's, and so the artifact was the only true thing that would tell them where it is.

The Marines set up a small place to rest and eat. Being this close to the galactic center, there was only day and dusk. The stars around the core were so numerous that they lit up the planet as though it was a second sun. After a half hour, the Marines close in on the suspected area, a cave that was only three meters wide, and one tall. All the Marines went singlefile, crawling into the cave, and were pleased to find that after 50 meters, the cave spread out. Another 50 meters later, it became cavernous, and extended well beyond human sight. But one thing was visible, a shimmer of light about 300 meters in. The two scouts turned on their night vision in their rifles, and determined it was clear. The Sergeant in charge led them, and they found what they had come for.

UNSC Carrier Palpatine, Orbiting Planet 1RDN249 UNCHARTED SYSTEM

2300 hrs. -Standard Time

At the very edge of the galaxy, the Master Chief again prepares for battle. This time, he would be coming in on one of the Lambda shuttles, and drop in an ATST. They would deploy into a forest and refortify an outpost recently abandoned by the Covenant. To even be this far out in the galaxy was a bold move for them, and they wanted to make it work. The shuttle lifted off, and they went down into the

atmosphere. The pilot comes over the radio "Two minutes to drop!" The Chief sits and waits, and soon enough, he feels the thud of the container hitting the ground. The front panel drops, and the pilot, his name was Dermon, wasn't it. Whatever, the target was visible 500 meters in front, and he started the walker foreword. Eleven other walkers were heading in on the target, and no one reported any fire. The circle of walkers draws closer to the facility, a series of low buildings, and gets to within 100 meters when the first trap goes off. One of the walkers on the other side was blown clean away by a motion wired fuel rod cannon. Everyone stops, and the three others are found without setting them off, and destroy them. After that, the rest of the patrol is a breeze, and they bring in the Marines.

The four Pelicans drop of a platoon of marines, and after twenty minuets, they report back all clear. Then the rest of the troops come down, and the facility is thoroughly checked for explosives. After that is done, the support craft, warthogs, scorpions, ATAT's, and a complete arms store take up the unused vehicle building on the south side of the facility. Afterwords, all the original ATST's head into the forest for combat patrol, and to find and destroy any more booby traps.

4. Chapter 4

****Authors Note: sorry for the delay, but it has been a bad time with my f-ing computer. Anything that could have broke has probably been broken, and I have to use the schools.****

Mon Calamari Cruiser Home One-Orbiting Bakura

2300 Hrs Galactic Standard

The main hangar bay was busy. Twelve recon X-wings were being fueled and readied for departure. All twelve, plus another twelve from Couruscant, would scour the known Imperial territory for their fleet. A risky move, but one that could not be met with a counterstrike if there guess was correct.

Palpatine Class USNC Carrier Thrawn- Orbiting Planet Reach

0900 Standard Time

The work had gone smoothly enough. A net of 300 MAC Platforms were orbiting the planet, each with twenty Turbolasers and Ion Cannons. A small bubble of space was also protected, and the frame of a giant sphere was now growing there. With all the help building the monstrosity, it would be done in ten months. Captain Miranda Keyes couldn't help but be bored at the prospect of babysitting. Here she had one of the finest vessels ever built by human hands, and it was to guard this hunk of metal! Well there were ways of getting around this problem. "Commander, get me a radio link to all the MAC platforms in quadrantâ€¦" She looked at a chart on her display panel, "42." "Yes ma'am. What Should I tell them?" "Actually, give me a direct link." "Yes ma'am." Two minutes passed, while Commander Ardent got the proper set up. "Here you go ma'am, all the stations in sector 42." "Thank you Commander." She turned her attention to the camera in her command chair. "Gentlemen, may I interest you in some war games?"

UNSC Frigate Condor-30 light years outside Planet Norac

1500 Standard Time

A frontline picket vessel, Commander Aaron Bauner commanded the frigate with the highest kill score in the entire UNSC fleet. His vessel had forty-one silhouettes painted on her bow, and the modified MAC gun strapped to her keel would make anyone run in fear. This was a different mission though. In a few seconds, they would exit slip-space and emerge on the last, and hopefully unfortified, Halo. The Helmsman operated the panel, and there exit bubble opened, and there it was. The seventh Halo. But his second wish was not so accurate. In orbit sat thirty Covenant Carriers, and the City of High Charity. A hushed "holy shit" could be heard, and Aaron looked for the culprit, and found it was everyone.

His position was advantageous. The nearest Covenant ship was a good thirty kilometers away. This gave him time to think. Thirty capital ships sat at the maximum range of visual scanners, and the Holy City was a ripe target. There MAC gun could punch a hole clean through the unshielded city, but could enough damage be done before he was chased off? The nearest ship didn't even look like it had its shields up, and was just waiting for a round to punch through it. He had his decision. "Alright listen up! MAC Control, I want as many rounds to be fired in as short a time possible, and don't worry about precision, your targets pretty huge. Targeting, I want all ARCHER pods ready to be fired on multiple targets, but only after the MAC is done. Ladies and Gentlemen, lets kill us a city." The bridge came alive with activity, and the MAC was loaded and prepped. Even though it was 2/3 the size of a normal MAC, at this range it could do the same job. The ARCHER pods would allow them a defensive screen through with to escape, and re-enter slip-space.

"MAC Control, on my mark. Your target is that Holy City. Three, Two, One, MARK" The rumble of the cannon came through the deck-plates. In a mere minute, thirty rounds spat out before the Customized "fast-shot" cartridge made specifically to this cannon ran out and had to be reloaded. By this time, the entire Covenant fleet was now on them. "Alright, MAC Control, shots of opportunity. Fire Control, arm the ARCHERS and fire at will, targets of opportunity. Helm, give me full reverse thrust, I want to deal as many blows as possible before I have to leave." Three voices greeted him in unison, "Yes Sir!" The deck once again rumbled as the ARCHER's and the MAC, at normal fire rate, fired off. The enemy ships started in at max speed, but it was not enough to get within distance to destroy the frigate. When the first ship reached a distance of 100 kilometers, the enemy started to open up with wild pot-shots that were wide, but enough. "Alright, full turn port, and get into slip-space ASAP. LETS MOVE!" The ship turned, the last ARCHER pod fired, and once again the ship was in the blankness of slip-space.

Covenant Carrier Prophets Blade- Same Location

0623 Covenant Time

The battle was twenty-three minutes long, but the damage made it look like a day's-long campaign. Out of thirty ships, only twelve remained, largely in part to the failur of their pilots to raise their shields in time. Brutes were loyal, but were slow to learn such things as starship command. The prophet of Mercy looked out on this

holiest of cities, almost in ruins because of those pitiful humans. Thirty holes now leaked atmosphere, and many thousands of loyal species had died. The prophet sighed. If only the Ark had not been destroyed in the battle for Earth. But this last instillation could still do damage, and the Flood had still not risen. All was well here in this small corner of the universe, even if there was a major amount of work to be done.

Mon Calamari Cruiser Mon Ramona-orbiting Couruscant

1950 hrs. Galactic Standard

The twelve X-wings had launched nearly 21 hours ago. Now was time to get some results. Twenty-four screens sat in the briefing room, all from one fighter's camera. Right now they were all in hyperspace, but that would soon change. A large clock sat to the right side of all the screens, at thirty seconds and counting down. At zero, the camera's came to life, and the elusive question was finally answered. At all twenty-four locations, a sizable defense fleet was supposed to be visible. No capital ships were even found. The fighters looked for thirty minutes, and not one ship was found. With this new find, only one question remained. Why?.

Imperial Star Destroyer Chimera- Orbiting Planet C98V586

0000 hrs. Standard Time

Twelve Golan-3 Defense platforms had come with the fleet, and all of them orbited this valuable planet. The skeleton of the first Death Star was built, and the power core shone brightly as it awaited its metal shielding. On the planet, valuable metals were being extracted so fast that the planet's atmosphere almost went dark from all the dirt being uplifted and loosely set aside. But it was paying off, and enough supplies to make both of his Death Stars were being made and fabricated at a lightning pace. Only one thing disturbed him. And that was his Renegade Jedi. He had left his ship days ago in his search for Jedi Potentials, and so far had not reported back. But in this, his moment of triumph, nothing could disturb him greatly. And as for the alien scum, they were just stones in his way.

End
file.